



the WONDERFUL WORLD of DISNEY



**ALL STUCK
TOGETHER!**

Read this funny
story inside

Way down yonder in **BRIAR PATCH**

Once upon a time there was a little boy who liked stories, and an old man who liked to tell them. Every night after supper the little boy left his home and ran down the path to the old man's cabin. He knew there would be another adventure waiting for him—a tale about Brer Rabbit and Brer Fox and Brer Bear.

These stories were older than old Uncle Remus, for he had heard them from someone else. He told them just as they had been told to him—and this week his story is all about Brer Rabbit, Brer Bear and the Honey.

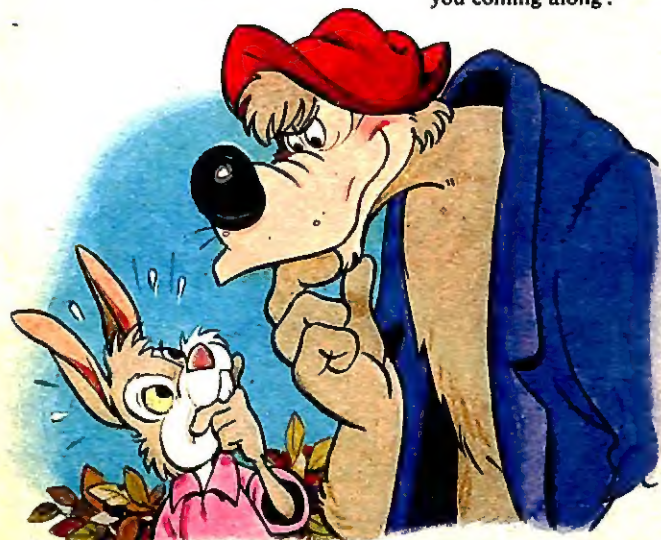
As the sun sank in the sky, Uncle Remus lit his favourite pipe and leaned against a barred gate. The little boy perched himself alongside the old man and made himself comfortable.



1. Now mind you don't fall off that gate, boy, began Uncle Remus, and I'll tell you about the time Brer Rabbit was loping home from a frolic—and who should he happen up with but old Brer Bear. Of course, because of all the trouble that had done passed between them there wa'n't any good feelings 'tween them. But Brer Rabbit, he wanted to show his good manners, so he hollered out: "Hey, Brer Bear, how you coming along?"



2. Well, Brer Bear, he glared at Brer Rabbit, he did, 'cause he just plain didn't like the little rascal. So he said, said he "None the better for your asking, Brer Rabbit." But Brer Rabbit, he wasn't put out at all. He just went on: "I ain't seen you in a coon's age. How's everybody down at your house? How's Mrs. Bruin and Miss Brindle?" Mrs. Bruin was old Brer Bear's wife and Miss Brindle was his daughter. That's what they called 'em in those days. Well, Brer Rabbit and Brer Bear walked along the road together and Brer Rabbit asked very politely how Brer Bear was a-feeling these days. Brer Bear replied sulky-like that although Mrs. Bruin and Miss Brindle were fit as two fiddles, he was feeling mighty poorly.



3. And all the time they were a-talkin', Brer Rabbit, he kept one eye on Brer Bear; and Brer Bear, he studied how he was goin' to nab Brer Rabbit once and for all. "I'd sure like to see the last of this pesky little feller," thought Brer Bear.

4. At last Brer Rabbit, he up and said, said he: "Brer Bear, I reckon I've got some special extra business cut out for you."

"And what might that be, Brer Rabbit?" asked Brer Bear, licking his lips as he thought of delicious rabbit stew.

"Well, I happened to be out a-walkin' yesterday," replied Brer Rabbit "and I came across one of those old-time bee-trees. It starts hollow at the bottom and stays hollow plumb to the top, and the honey's just naturally oozing out, and if you'll drop your present engagements and come along o' me you'll get enough honey to last you and your family till the middle of next month."

For the first time that day, Brer Bear began to grin, he did, because he liked honey better than anything else in the world—better even than rabbit stew.



5. Brer Bear said he was much obliged and he believed he'd go along. With that they set out for the bee-tree which wasn't so mighty far. Leastways, they got there in a little while and old Brer Bear, he allowed that he could smell the smell of honey.

Brer Rabbit, he allowed he could see the honey-comb.

Brer Bear allowed that he could hear the bees a-zooming.

They stood around and chatted and yacked, they did, till Brer Rabbit up and said: "You do the climbing, Brer Bear, and I'll do the rushing around. You climb up to the hole at the top of the tree and I'll take this pine pole and shove the honey up where you can get it."

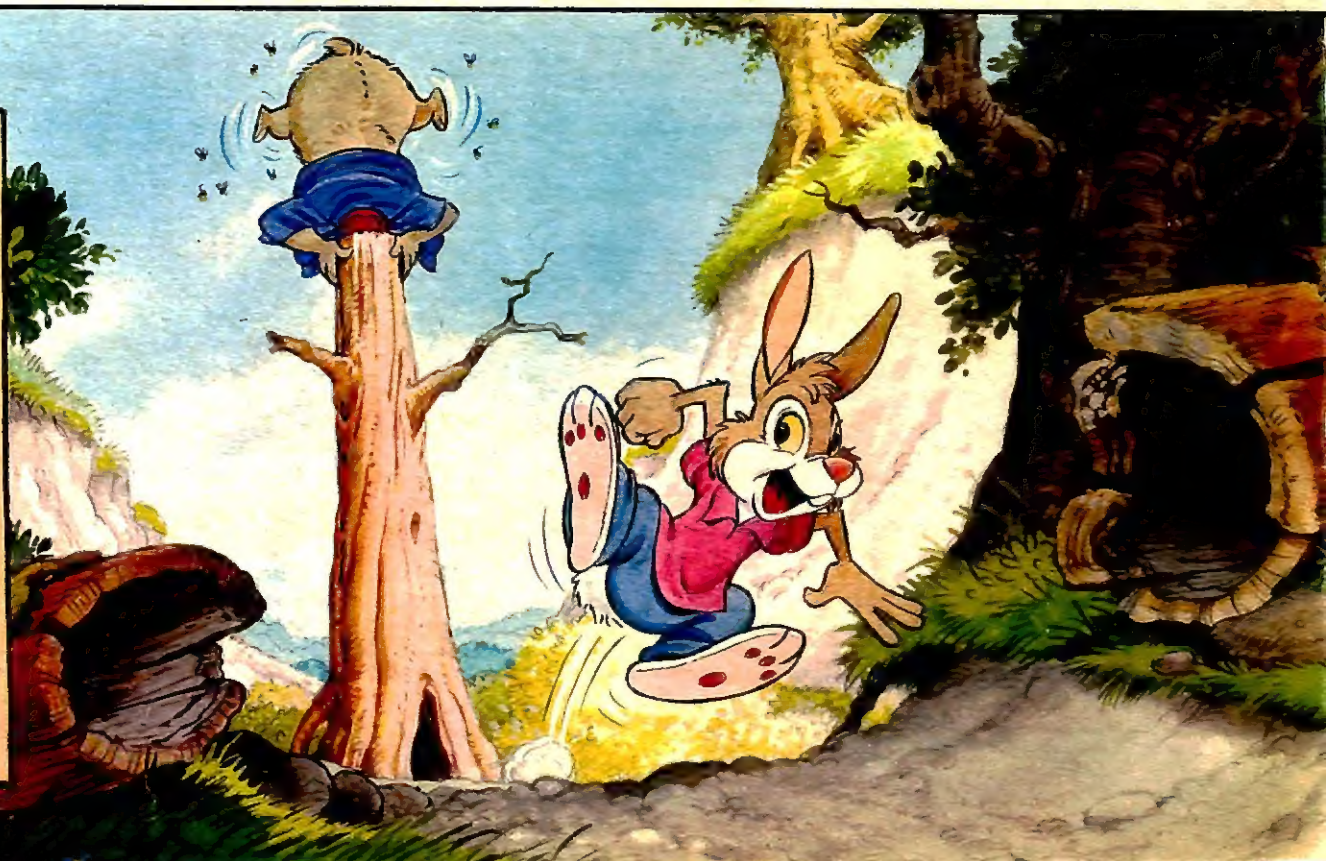


6. Old Brer Bear, he spit on his hands and skinned up the tree and jammed his head in the hole; and sure enough, Brer Rabbit, he grabbed the pine pole and the way he stirred up those bees was sinful—that's what it was. It was sinful. Soon those bees were a-humming and a-buzzing 'cos they were mighty mad at the way Brer Rabbit was poking away at them. Then they started stinging as fast as they could sting and what they stung was Brer Bear.

7. The bees, they swarmed around Brer Bear's head till before he could take it out of the hole it was all swelled up bigger than a dinner-saucepan and he couldn't get his head out.

"Ow! Yow!" bellowed Brer Bear at the top of his voice and he tried and he tried to wrench his head out of the tree. But it sure was no use. He'd just got to stay there until those bees stopped stinging and his head swelled down instead of swelling up!

Down below, Brer Rabbit, who knew he'd saved himself from the stew-pot again, danced around and sang: "Tree stand high and honey mighty sweet, Watch those bees with stingers on their feet!" Then away he ran to live happy ever after—or at least, till old Brer Bear got his head out of that tree. Then Brer Rabbit knew Brer Bear would come a-huntin' him and he'd have to make himself real scarce somehow. But that's another story, that is.





The Tales of Mother Goose

Hallo, dear reader, I'm Mother Goose and I know the best stories for boys and girls. This week my story is about Will o' the Woods and the Miser.



1. Once upon a time there lived, deep in the Forest of Arden, a young outlaw named Will o' the Woods. He lived alone in a great hollow tree. The grim Sheriff of the nearby town of Stratford was always hunting him, for Will spent most of his time taking from the rich and giving to the poor peasants. The rich hated him and the poor loved him. His name was well-known but nobody knew what he looked like for he was always disguising himself. One market day he dressed himself as a wood-cutter and, with a cartload of wood, set off for the old town of Stratford in search of adventure.

2. Arriving at the market-place, he was very soon selling his firewood to the townsfolk, also keeping his ears open for any gossip or chatter that might lead him into an adventure. An old woman in a ragged dress came over to him and asked "How much is your firewood, young man?" "Two pennies a large bundle, ma'am," said he. The old woman shook her head sadly. "Alack I have only one penny," she replied and turned away. Taking pity on her, Will called her back. "Here," he smiled, "take these three bundles for nothing." The old woman thanked Will gratefully and went away with the bundles of firewood.



3. Two citizens who had been watching and listening to her speak to Will were smiling broadly. "You're a kind young fellow," said one, "but it is clear you don't know who that old woman is." Will shook his head and the other said: "She's Goody Redsleeves and married to Gaffer Redsleeves, the richest man in Stratford." Will o' the Woods stared in surprise. "But her clothes are old and patched," said he. The man nodded. "Yes, she is always like that. She never has much money, for although her husband is rich, he is a miser and barely gives her enough to live on. She's a dear old lady, beloved by all."



4. The two men went on their way, leaving Will to his thoughts. At the end of the day, he left his horse and cart in a stable and asked the man who owned the stable the way to Gaffer Redsleeves' house. A few minutes later Will was standing outside a broken-down old shack, beside an open window. Inside in a poorly furnished room, Gaffer Redsleeves was telling his wife that he had earned a few pence that afternoon for cleaning out a pigsty. "Then give it to me, so that I can buy something for supper. As you can see, our larder is empty," she said. But Gaffer shook his head. "Nay, Goody," he replied. "There'll be no supper! This money must be put by for Good Fortune."

5. "But that is what you always say," said Goody Redsleeves. "Almost every penny that comes into this house you say must be put away for Good Fortune." Gaffer grinned meanly. "And don't you forget it, my good and simple wife," said he. "Now I must go and help with the washing-up in Baron Bumpit's kitchen. I shall earn four pence for that." Quietly Will slipped away and made his way back to the stable where he had left his horse and cart. "I think I know how to teach Gaffer Redsleeves a lesson he's greatly in need of," he murmured. He took a bundle of clothes from his cart and started to change.



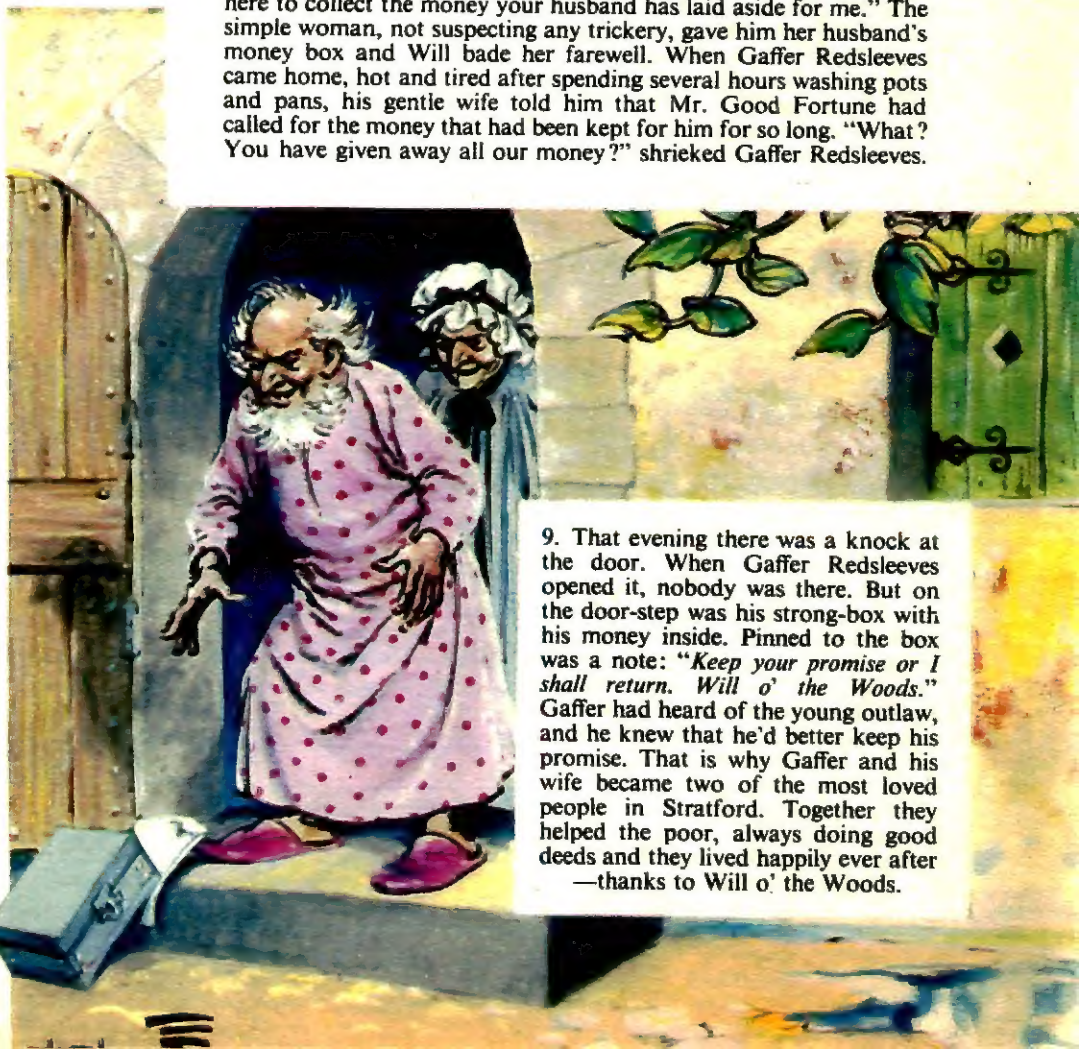
6. A few moments later, Will o' the Woods was dressed in rich velvet clothes. Then he put on a false moustache and a little beard and clapped a feathered hat on his head. The stable-keeper bowed to him as he left the stable, little dreaming that this elegant gentleman was the poor wood-cutter who had earlier stabled his horse and cart. "Now to return to the house of Gaffer and Goody Redsleeves," smiled Will.



7. "A rich man who will clean out a pig-sty and wash dishes for a few pence and starve his wife is a mean man indeed," thought Will. "I'll see what I can do to make him change his ways." He knocked on the door of the Redsleeves' shabby home and Goody opened it. "Yes?" she asked, and Will replied: "I am Good Fortune. I am here to collect the money your husband has laid aside for me." The simple woman, not suspecting any trickery, gave him her husband's money box and Will bade her farewell. When Gaffer Redsleeves came home, hot and tired after spending several hours washing pots and pans, his gentle wife told him that Mr. Good Fortune had called for the money that had been kept for him for so long. "What? You have given away all our money?" shrieked Gaffer Redsleeves.



8. He went to bed weeping and next morning he felt so miserable that he decided to stay in bed all day. Then his wife brought a letter which had just arrived. It read: "You can have your money back only if you give your solemn promise that you will stop being so mean, treat your good wife kindly, and help the poor people of Stratford. If you agree, hang your night-cap out of the window." The letter was signed "Will o' the Woods." "I promise! I promise!" yelled Gaffer, hanging his night-cap out of the window.



9. That evening there was a knock at the door. When Gaffer Redsleeves opened it, nobody was there. But on the door-step was his strong-box with his money inside. Pinned to the box was a note: "Keep your promise or I shall return. Will o' the Woods." Gaffer had heard of the young outlaw, and he knew that he'd better keep his promise. That is why Gaffer and his wife became two of the most loved people in Stratford. Together they helped the poor, always doing good deeds and they lived happily ever after — thanks to Will o' the Woods.



THE PLAYFUL PRANKS OF **PINOCCHIO**



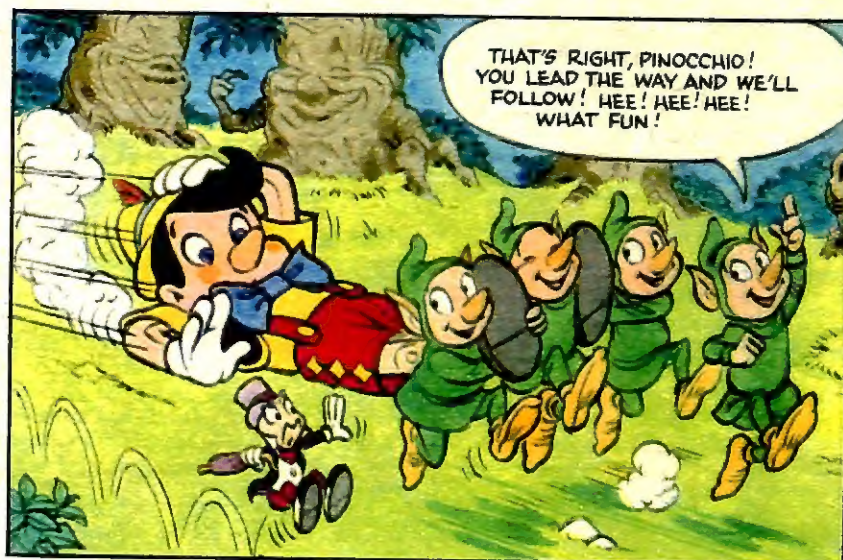
Two balloons Pinocchio tied
To puppy's tail—then ran to hide,
While puppy wailed "Please tell me why
My other end is up so high!"



"You little imp!" Geppetto cried,
And Pino in the forest sighed,
"I've often heard of imps," said he,
"I'd like to meet with two or three."



Just then some imps jumped down on boy,
And laughed and screeched with impish joy,
They pulled him here, they jerked him there,
One even tried to pull his hair.



Quite dazed, Pinocchio then found
That he was dragged along the ground.
Feet first, upon his back he slid—
He thought 'twas rather rough, he did!



And then, as pictured here you'll see,
They came to a large hollow tree
Wherein, if he just used his eyes,
They said he'd find a big surprise!



They kicked Pinocchio down the hole,
To meet the son of Old King Cole,
A royal imp he was, you see,
Who greeted Pino happily.



Well, there was quite a lot to see,
Around the Royal Impery—
For there they taught young imps the way
To play tricks through the livelong day.

One imp was knocking on a door,
And having knocked, then knocked some more,
A clever trick, a simple one,
To knock and not be seen—what fun!



Then one imp took a well-filled bucket,
And over Pino's head did chuck it,
Which Pino didn't think was fun—
But his bad time had just begun!



They set upon him in a shower,
It lasted for about an hour,
Till Pino wished he'd not begun
To play that trick in picture one!



They sent him home, a jam-pot lolly,
Upon a little wooden trolley.
He told his dad he'd never be
An imp again—and had his tea!

Riddles from the Sleepy Dormouse

Hello (yawn!) folks! I'm the (yawn!) Sleepy Dormouse, I am. Remember me in (yawn!) "Alice in Wonderland?"

Well, that's enough yawning for now (yawn!) 'cos I'm here to tell you some funny riddles.

You know I love sleeping, don't you? Well, why do we all go to bed? Hee! Hee! *Because the bed won't come to us!*

Why are lazy persons' beds too short for them? You don't know? *Because they lie too long in them.*

What is it that has four legs and only one foot? That's right—a *bedstead*.

When did Moses sleep five in a bed? You'll never guess the answer. *When he slept with his forefathers.*

What is the last thing you do when you go to bed? *Take your feet off the floor, of course.*

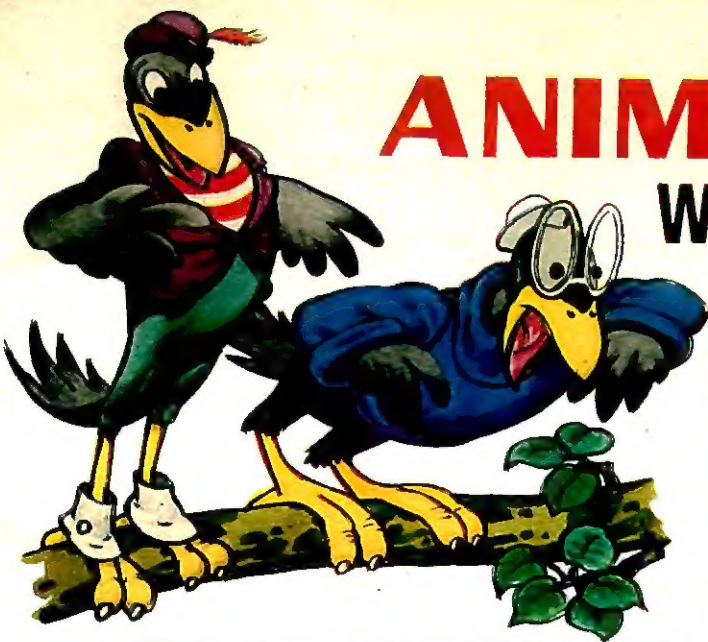
And now I'm too sleepy to tell you any more riddles. So nighty-night! (Yawn!)

Your dreamy friend,
The Sleepy Dormouse.



ANIMALS *of our* WONDERFUL WORLD

THIS WEEK:
THE CROW



1. If you have seen Walt Disney's wonderful film "Dumbo"—it has been showing in many cinemas this year—you will remember seeing these two funny fellows. They are both crows and they certainly look a cunning pair, don't they? And why not—for the real crow is a very cunning and wily bird.



2. He has been living in our country for seven thousand years, maybe more. So he was an Ancient Briton long before the Romans arrived.



3. "Jim" Crow he is often called. It sounds friendly but he is probably the most hated of birds. Seeds that some farmer has patiently sown are often gobbled up by these greedy creatures.



4. He is also very fond of chickens' eggs, and being a daring thief is bold enough to fly down and take an egg as soon as a farmer turns his back.

5. For hundreds of years, men who live off the land have tried to wipe out the crow. Five hundred years ago King James the Second of Scotland ordered all crows to be killed and their nests destroyed. But old Jim Crow is still alive and well and doing very nicely, thank you. He knows the difference between a man carrying a hoe or a rake . . .



6. . . and a man carrying a gun and he will very quickly fly out of harm's way.



7. One farmer who tried to keep the crows away once and for all, put down some poisoned meat for them to eat. He fairly danced with rage when next day he saw a crow picking up the meat and dropping it in a nearby river.



8. So you see the crow is not an easy bird to trap. There are two crows—the Carrion Crow of England and the Hooded Crow of Scotland. In the picture above you can see them together, and you will notice that they are very different. The Hooded Crow shown on the left gets its name from the black feathers that cover its head.



9. Because the crow is such an outlaw, he lives a lonely life. He may take a wife and if he does so, he remains faithful to her all his life. He is very choosy about his mate, taking care to pick one that is strong and active and able to help him in the constant search for food. She must also look after the baby crows when they are born. Crows make their nests of twigs lined with dry grasses and dead leaves, and very cunningly, they build them high in trees or on cliff ledges.



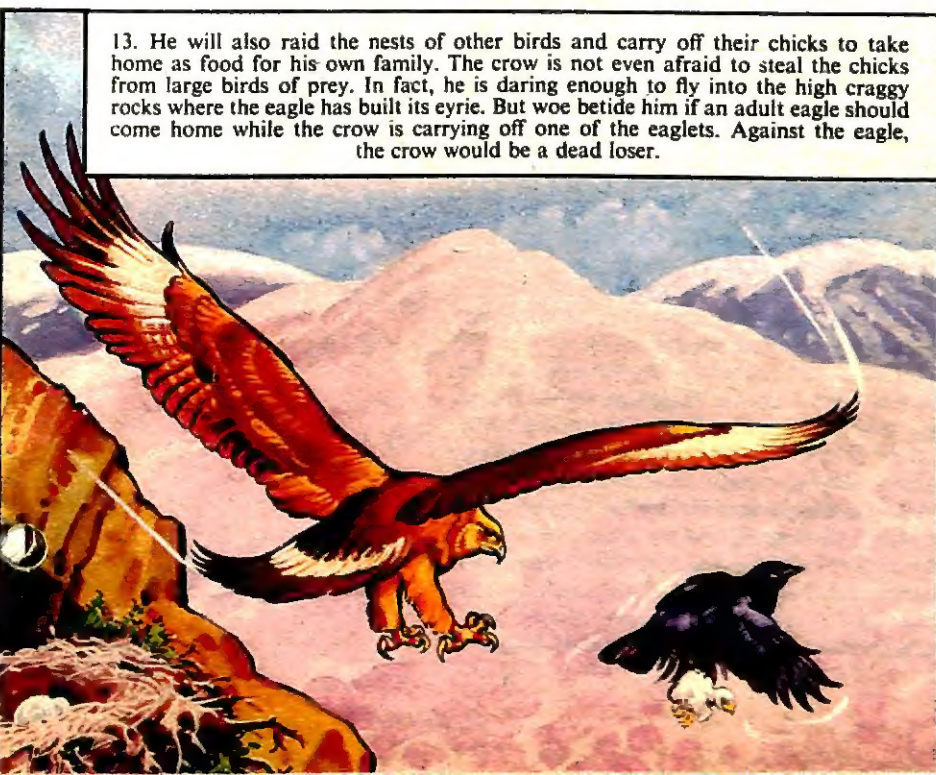
10. In the springtime, the hen lays four to six eggs. They are a pale green-blue in colour with dark brown markings. The hen sits on the eggs for about three weeks before the chicks hatch. After they have grown their feathers, they are browner than their mother and father and their eyes are a beautiful blue.



11. It is when crows have their young to feed that they are such a nuisance to farmers, for then they need lots of food. They will hunt in pairs and one crow can often be seen acting as a sentry for the others. At the first sign of danger, the sentry will squawk a hoarse "Kaa" over and over again. His loud warning is just like a motor horn.



12. There is little the crow will not pick up when it has a young family to feed—mice, insects, slugs, spiders, worms. If he is near the sea, he will swoop down and snatch up mussels, cockles and crabs. The fact that crabs have hard shells does not worry the crow. He will fly high and drop such prey on to rocks so that the shell splits open.



13. He will also raid the nests of other birds and carry off their chicks to take home as food for his own family. The crow is not even afraid to steal the chicks from large birds of prey. In fact, he is daring enough to fly into the high craggy rocks where the eagle has built its eyrie. But woe betide him if an adult eagle should come home while the crow is carrying off one of the eaglets. Against the eagle, the crow would be a dead loser.



14a. "As the crow flies" is a well-known remark. It comes from the fact that old Jim Crow when flying home to his nest, always flies in a dead-straight line.

14b. One last fact about this very clever bird. In captivity he can be taught to talk and to imitate various sounds. Yes, the crow is a very amazing fellow indeed.



Mowgli, the little Indian boy who was brought up by wolves deep in the heart of a dense jungle, had many friends. There was Bagheera the panther who had always protected young Mowgli from the fangs and claws of animals like Shere Khan the tiger. There was Baloo, the great lovable bear who liked nothing better than a mischievous romp. And last but not far from least there was Colonel Hathi, the proud elephant, who was always drilling his regiment of elephant soldiers.

And there was Sari.

Now Sari was very different from the rest of Mowgli's friends. Whereas they were all beasts of the jungle, she was a girl and a very pretty girl at that. She had big brown eyes, a little tip-tilted nose, a rosebud mouth and raven-black hair.

She lived with her parents in a wooden cabin with a thatched roof and although she was not yet old enough to help her father and mother with their work on a tea plantation, she *did* look after the house, keeping it clean, and cooking the meals.

Every morning she would go down to the river to bring

back water for the house, for there are no water pipes and taps in jungle cabins.

This was the one task that Sari did not like, for the river ran through the jungle, that great ugly monster of a forest with its great twisted trees. Those trees rustling in the breeze always seemed to be whispering secrets to each other and often Sari would remind herself of an old Indian saying: "Wherever there is a secret, there must be something wrong."

"Ssssssh, do you know. . . ?" "Ssssssssh, have you heard. . . ?" "Ssssssh, who can it be who. . . ?" "Ssssssh, ssssssh, ssssssh. . . ." So the trees seemed to whisper.

Sari always hurried down to the river, scooped up her jugful of cool clear water and sped back home again.

She often spoke to Mowgli about her feelings but Mowgli, born in the jungle, reared by savage wolves, always laughed.

"If the forest has any secrets, it has never shared them with me," he would say. "To me, the jungle is home."

But next morning, Sari would stand at the side of the river listening to the trees and they would nod to each other and whisper: "Ssssssssh, she doesn't like us. . . ." "Ssssssh, how very, very strange. . . ."

And then dawned the day when all this changed for Sari and never again was the forest dark and gloomy and full of whispering secrets.

This is what happened.

Down to the river on this certain morning went Sari as usual, balancing her empty jug on her head. As she knelt down to fill the jug with water, she heard the heavy *tromp, tromp, tromp* of marching feet.

"SQUAD! HALT!" roared a mighty voice. Then: "LEFT TURN! BY THE LEFT, QUICK MARCH!" Sari heaved a sigh. "Oh dear," she murmured, "here comes Colonel Hathi with his regiment," and sure enough twenty elephants came marching down to the river and plunged straight into the swiftly flowing water.

Colonel Hathi, the biggest and proudest and smartest and snottiest of all the elephant soldiers, came and stood on the river bank, switching his military cane from side to side.

"Ten minutes to wash yourselves properly and then



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OUT ON PARADE—and no slackers!” he roared. “No slackers! Understand?”

All the other elephants said “Yes, Colonel” very meekly because the Colonel was not above dealing out a good *thwack* with his cane when anything or anybody upset him.

And as Sari stood there, watching, it seemed as though all the jungle trees stopped whispering their secrets and said “Yes, Colonel,” too—and then silence reigned.

Not a single “Ssssssh!” Nothing. Silence. It was always like that when Colonel Hathi was around.

But not for very long today for suddenly Sari heard a merry chuckle and turning she saw Baby, the Colonel’s little son, known far and wide for his happy ways. He was hanging on to his mother’s tail, and being dragged along through the water, splashing and gurgling and bubbling and bumping over big stones, full of laughter and happiness, and singing at the top of his voice.

This is what he sang as he bumped and gurgled along:

*“Dear old Dad, stuffy old Dad,
We’re always together,
In all sorts of weather.
Dear old Dad, gruffy old Dad,
What would we do without dear old Dad?”*

“EH?” bawled Colonel Hathi. “WHAT’S THAT? STUFFY? GRUFFY?”

“Yes, Dad,” laughed Baby. “Stuffy, gruffy—and huffy sometimes, too!”

The Colonel grunted angrily. Then he grunted not so angrily. Then he grunted and grinned a little. “Huffy, too, eh?” he said. Then he burst out laughing.

“Dear old Dad, stuffy old Dad,” he began, and then all his soldiers standing in the river started to sing with him “We’re always together, In all sorts of weather.”

Sari turned in wonder for all the grim old jungle trees seemed to be singing, too. “Dear old Dad, gruffy old Dad, What would we do without dear old Dad?”

Yes, all the world seemed to be singing that merry song. Sari sang it all the way back to her wooden cabin. She was still singing it when her mother and father came home in the evening. And they joined in with her singing.

Well, believe it or not, it sounded as though the jungle

trees had given up whispering secrets for ever because ever afterwards when Sari went down to the river for water she was greeted by the trees humming: “Dear old Dad, gruffy old Dad, What would we do without dear old Dad?” And it was as if the trees beat time to the music with their gnarled and twisted branches.

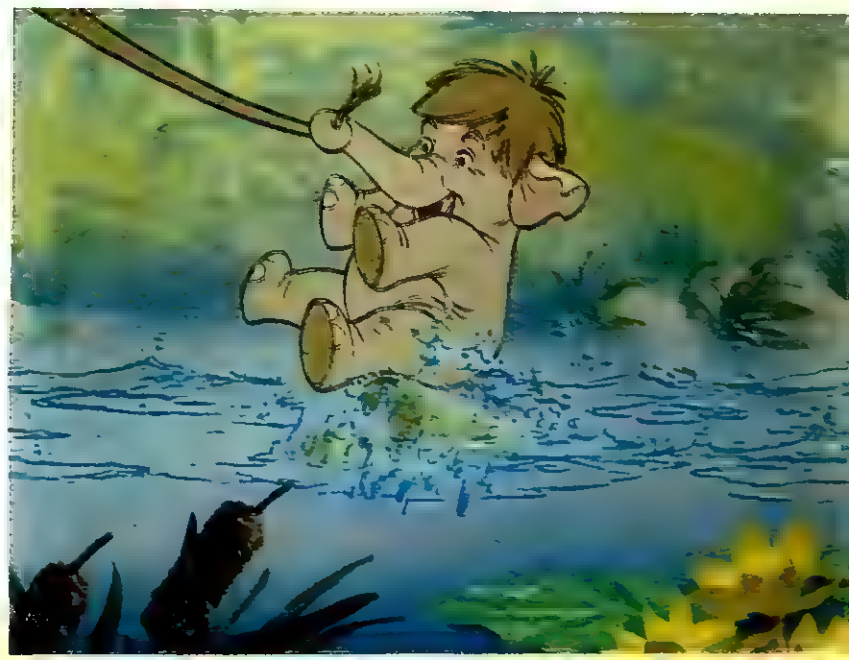
“And it’s all thanks to Baby Elephant,” smiled Sari. “Wherever he goes, happiness always follows.”

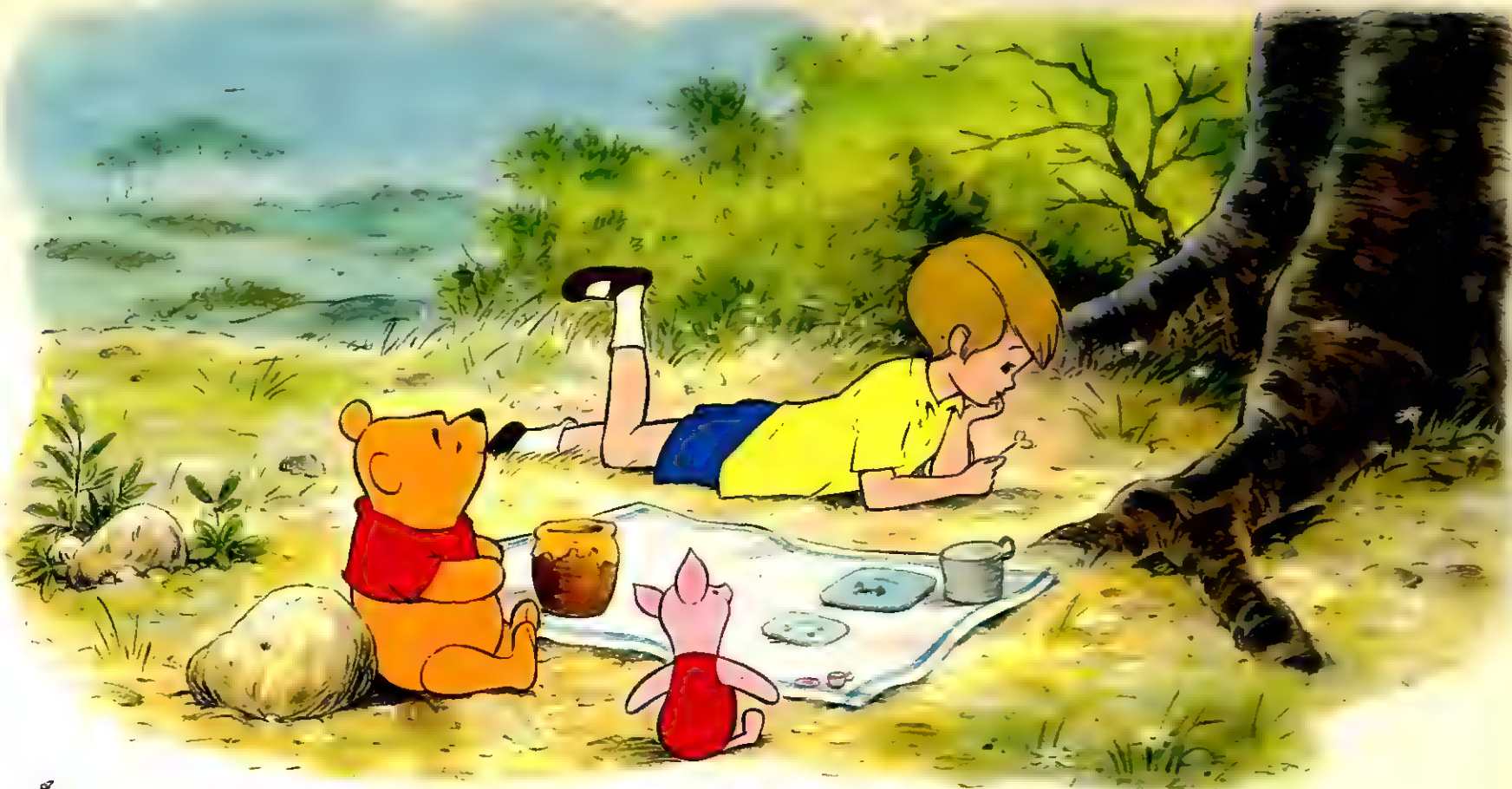
Do you know anybody like that?

Now to end this happy story here is a happy poem:

*When the weather suits you not, try smiling!
When your coffee isn’t hot, try smiling!
When your lessons don’t go right,
And your friends at school all fight,
Sure ’tis hard but then you might—try smiling!*

*Doesn’t change the things, of course—just smiling!
But it cannot make them worse, just smiling!
And it seems to help your case,
Brightens up a gloomy place;
Then it sort o’ rests your face—just smiling!*





WINNIE-THE-POOH

by A. A. Milne

In which Piglet meets a Heffalump

"Why would he fall in?"

Pooh rubbed his nose with his paw, and said that the Heffalump might be walking along, humming a little song, and looking up at the sky, wondering if it would rain, and so he wouldn't see the Very Deep Pit until he was half-way down, when it would be too late.

Piglet said that this was a very good Trap, but supposing it were raining already?

Pooh rubbed his nose again, and said that he hadn't thought of that. And then he brightened up, and said that, if it were raining already, the Heffalump would be looking at the sky wondering



One day, when Christopher Robin and Winnie-the-Pooh and Piglet were all talking together, Christopher Robin finished the mouthful he was eating and said carelessly: "I saw a Heffalump today, Piglet."

"What was it doing?" asked Piglet.

"Just lumping along," said Christopher Robin. "I don't think it saw me."

"I saw one once," said Piglet. "At least, I think I did," he said. "Only perhaps it wasn't."

"So did I," said Pooh, wondering what a Heffalump was like.

"You don't often see them," said Christopher Robin carelessly.

"Not now," said Piglet.

"Not at this time of year," said Pooh.

Then they all talked about something else, until it was time for Pooh and Piglet to go home together. At first as they stumped along the path which edged the Hundred Acre Wood, they didn't say much to each other; but when they came to the stream, and had helped each other across the stepping stones, and were able to walk side by side again over the heather, they began to talk in a friendly way about this and that, and Piglet said, "If you see what I mean, Pooh," and Pooh said, "It's just what I think myself, Piglet," and Piglet

said, "But, on the other hand, Pooh, we must remember," and Pooh said, "Quite true, Piglet, although I had forgotten it for the moment." And then, just as they came to the Six Pine Trees, Pooh looked round to see that nobody else was listening, and said in a very solemn voice:

"Piglet, I have decided something."

"What have you decided, Pooh?"

"I have decided to catch a Heffalump."

Pooh nodded his head several times as he said this, and waited for Piglet to say "How?" or "Pooh, you couldn't!" or something helpful of that sort, but Piglet said nothing. The fact was Piglet was wishing that he had thought about it first.

"I shall do it," said Pooh, after waiting a little longer, "by means of a trap. And it must be a Cunning Trap, so you will have to help me, Piglet."

"Pooh," said Piglet, feeling quite happy again now, "I will." And then he said, "How shall we do it?" and Pooh said, "That's just it. How?" And then they sat down together to think it out.

Pooh's first idea was that they should dig a Very Deep Pit, and then the Heffalump would come along and fall into the Pit, and—

"Why?" said Piglet.

"Why what?" said Pooh.

if it would *clear up*, and so he wouldn't see the Very Deep Pit until he was half-way down . . . When it would be too late.

Piglet said that, now that this point had been explained, he thought it was a Cunning Trap.

Pooh was very proud when he heard this, and he felt that the Heffalump was as good as caught already, but there was just one other thing which had to be thought about, and it was this. *Where should they dig the Very Deep Pit?*

Piglet said that the best place would be somewhere where a Heffalump was, just before he fell into it, only about a foot farther on.

"But then he would see us digging it," said Pooh.

"Not if he was looking at the sky."

"He would suspect," said Pooh, "if he happened to look down." He thought for a long time and then added sadly, "It isn't as easy as I thought. I suppose that's why Heffalumps hardly ever get caught."

"That must be it," said Piglet.

They sighed and got up; and when they had taken a few gorse prickles out of themselves they sat down again; and all the time Pooh was saying to himself, "If only I could *think* of something!" For he felt sure that a Very Clever Brain could catch a Heffalump if only he knew the right way to go about it.

"Suppose," he said to Piglet, "*you* wanted to catch *me*, how would you do it?"

"Well," said Piglet, "I should do it like this. I should make a Trap, and I should put a Jar of Honey in the Trap, and you would smell it, and you would go in after it, and—"

"And I would go in after it," said Pooh excitedly, "only very carefully so as not to hurt



"Honey," said Piglet to himself in a thoughtful way, as if it were now settled. "I'll dig the pit, while *you* go and get the honey."

"Very well," said Pooh, and he stumped off.

As soon as he got home, he went to the larder; and he stood on a chair, and took down a very large jar of honey from the top shelf. It had HUNNY written on it, but, just to make sure, he took off the paper cover and looked at it, and it *looked* just like honey. "But you can never tell," said Pooh. "I remember my uncle saying once that he had seen cheese just this colour." So he put his tongue in, and took a large lick. "Yes," he said, "it is. No doubt about that. And honey, I should say, right down to the bottom of the jar. Unless, of course," he said, "somebody put cheese in at the bottom just for a joke. Perhaps I had better go a *little* further . . . just in case . . . in case Heffalumps *don't* like cheese . . . same as me . . . Ah!" And he gave a deep sigh. "I *was* right. It is honey, right the way down."

Having made certain of this, he took the jar back to Piglet, and Piglet looked up from the bottom of his Very Deep Pit, and said, "Got it?" and Pooh said, "Yes, but it isn't quite a full jar," and he threw it down to Piglet, and Piglet said, "No, it isn't! Is that all you've got left?" and Pooh said, "Yes," because it was. So Piglet put the jar at the bottom of the Pit, and climbed out, and they went off home together.

"Well, good night, Pooh," said Piglet, when they had got to Pooh's house. "And we meet at six

o'clock tomorrow morning by the Pine Trees, and see how many Heffalumps we've got in our Trap."

"Six o'clock, Piglet. And have you got any string?"

"No. Why do you want string?"

"To lead them home with."

"Oh! . . . I *think* Heffalumps come if you whistle."

"Some do and some don't. You never can tell with Heffalumps. Well, good night!"

"Good night!"

And off Piglet trotted to his house TRESPASSERS W, while Pooh made his preparations for bed.

Some hours later, just as the night was beginning to steal away, Pooh woke up suddenly with a sinking feeling. He had had that sinking feeling before, and he knew what it meant. *He was hungry.* So he went to the larder, and he stood on a chair and reached up to the top shelf, and found—nothing.

"That's funny," he thought. "I know I had a jar of honey there. A full jar, full of honey right up to the top, and it had HUNNY written on it, so that I should know it was honey. That's very funny." And then he began to wander up and down, wondering where it was and murmuring a murmur to himself. Like this:

It's very, very funny,

'Cos I *know* I had some honey;

'Cos it had a lable on,

Saying HUNNY.

A goloptious full-up pot too,

And I don't know where it's got to,

No, I don't know where it's gone—

Well, it's funny.

He had murmured this to himself three times in a singing sort of way, when suddenly he remembered. He had put it into the Cunning Trap to catch the Heffalump.

"Bother!" said Pooh. "It all comes of trying to be kind to Heffalumps." And he got back into bed.

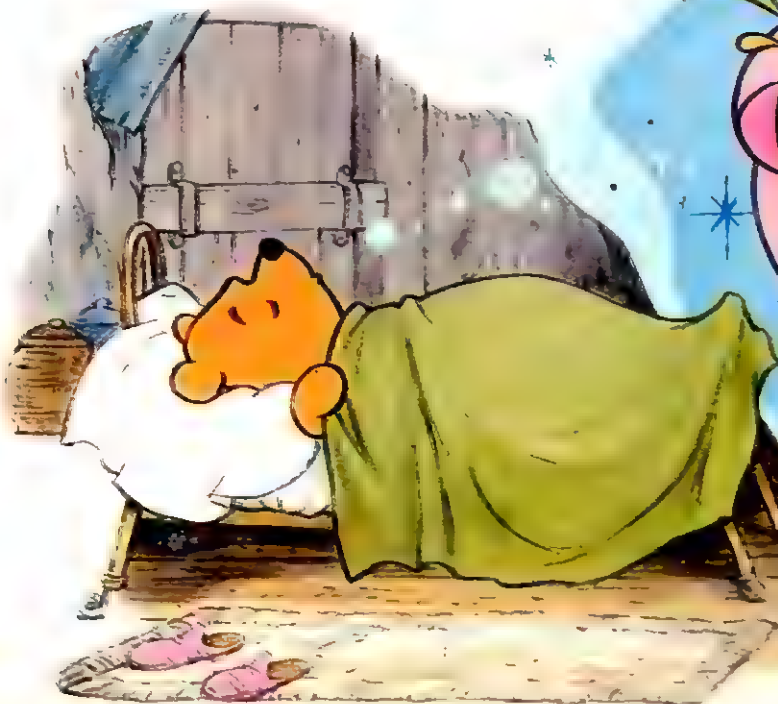
But he couldn't sleep. The more he tried to sleep, the more he couldn't. He tried Counting



myself, and I would get to the Jar of Honey, and I should lick round the edges first of all, pretending that there wasn't any more, you know, and then I should walk away and think about it a little, and then I should come back and start licking in the middle of the jar, and then—"

"Yes, well never mind about that. There you would be, and there I should catch you. Now the first thing to think of is, What do Heffalumps like? I should think acorns, shouldn't you? We'll get a lot of—I say, wake up, Pooh!"

Pooh, who had gone into a happy dream, woke up with a start, and said that Honey was a much more trappy thing than haycorns. Piglet didn't think so; and they were just going to argue about it, when Piglet remembered that, if they put acorns in the Trap, *he* would have to find the acorns, but if they put honey, then Pooh would have to give up some of his own honey, so he said, "All right, honey then," just as Pooh remembered it too, and was going to say, "All right, haycorns."





Sheep, which is sometimes a good way of getting to sleep, and, as that was no good, he tried counting Heffalumps. And that was worse. Because every Heffalump that he counted was making straight for a pot of Pooh's honey, *and eating it all*. For some minutes he lay there miserably, but when the five hundred and eighty-seventh Heffalump was licking its jaws, and saying to itself, "Very good honey this, I don't know when I've tasted better," Pooh could bear it no longer. He jumped out of bed, he ran out of the house, and he ran straight to the Six Pine Trees.

The Sun was still in bed, but there was a lightness in the sky over the Hundred Acre Wood which seemed to show that it was waking up and would soon be kicking off the clothes. In the half-light the Pine Trees looked cold and lonely, and the Very Deep Pit seemed deeper than it was, and Pooh's jar of honey at the bottom was something mysterious, a shape and no more. But as he got nearer to it his nose told him that it was indeed honey, and his tongue came out and began to polish up his mouth, ready for it.

"Bother!" said Pooh, as he got his nose inside the jar. "A Heffalump has been eating it!" And then he thought a little and said, "Oh, no, I did. I forgot."

Indeed, he had eaten most of it. But there was a little left at the very bottom of the jar, and he pushed his head right in, and began to lick. . . .

By and by Piglet woke up. As soon as he woke he said to himself, "Oh!" Then he said bravely, "Yes," and then, still more bravely, "Quite so." But he didn't feel very brave, for the word which was really jiggeting about in his brain was "Heffalumps".

What was a Heffalump like?
Was it Fierce?

Did it come when you whistled? And *how* did it come?

Was it Fond of Pigs at all?

If it was Fond of Pigs, did it make any difference *what sort of Pig*?

Supposing it was Fierce with Pigs, would it make any difference *if the Pig had a grandfather called TRESPASSERS WILLIAM*?

He didn't know the answer to any of these questions . . . and he was going to see his first Heffalump in about an hour from now!

Of course Pooh would be with him, and it was much more Friendly with two. But suppose Heffalumps were Very Fierce with Pigs *and* Bears? Wouldn't it be better to pretend that he had a headache, and couldn't go up to the Six Pine Trees this morning? But then suppose that it was a very fine day, and there was no Heffalump in the trap, here he would be, in bed all the morning, simply wasting his time for nothing. What should he do?

And then he had a *Clever Idea*. He would go up very quietly to the Six Pine Trees now, peep very cautiously into the Trap, and see if there *was* a Heffalump there. And if there was, he would go back to bed, and if there wasn't, he wouldn't.

So off he went. At first he thought that there wouldn't be a Heffalump in the Trap; and then he thought that there would, and as he got nearer he was *sure* that there would, because he could hear it heffalumping about it like anything.

"Oh, dear, oh, dear, oh, dear!" said Piglet to himself. And he wanted to run away. But somehow, having got so near, he felt that he must just see what a Heffalump was like. So he crept to the side of the Trap and looked in. . . .

And all the time Winnie-the-Pooh had been trying to get the honey-jar off his head. The more he shook it, the more tightly it stuck. "Bother!"

he said, inside the jar, and "Oh, help!" and, mostly "Owl!" And he tried humping it against things, but as he couldn't see what he was humping it against, it didn't help him; and he tried to climb out of the Trap, but as he could see nothing but jar, and not much of that, he couldn't find his way. So at last he lifted up his head, jar and all, and made a loud, roaring noise of Sadness and Despair . . . and it was at that moment that Piglet looked down.

"Help, help!" cried Piglet, "a Heffalump, a Horrible Heffalump!" and he scampered off as hard as he could, still crying out, "Help, help, a Horrible Hoffalump! Hoff, Hoff, a Hellible Horralump! Holl, Holl, a Hoffable Hellerump!" And he didn't stop crying and scampering until he got to Christopher Robin's house.

"Whatever's the matter, Piglet?" said Christopher Robin, who was just getting up.

"Heff," said Piglet, breathing so hard that he could hardly speak, "a Heff—a Heff—a Heffalump."

"Where?"

"Up there," said Piglet, waving his paw.

"What did it look like?"

"Like—like—It had the biggest head you ever saw, Christopher Robin. A great enormous thing, like—like nothing. A huge big—well, like a—I don't know—like an enormous big nothing. Like a jar."

"Well," said Christopher Robin, putting on his shoes, "I shall go and look at it. Come on."

Piglet wasn't afraid if he had Christopher Robin with him, so off they went. . . .

"I can hear it, can't you?" said Piglet anxiously, as they got near.

"I can hear *something*," said Christopher Robin.

It was Pooh bumping his head against a tree-root he had found.

"There!" said Piglet. "Isn't it *awful*?" And he held on tight to Christopher Robin's hand.

Suddenly Christopher Robin began to laugh . . . and he laughed . . . and he laughed . . . and he laughed. And while he was still laughing—*Crash* went the Heffalump's head against the tree-root, Smash went the jar, and out came Pooh's head again. . . .

Then Piglet saw what a Foolish Piglet he had been, and he was so ashamed of himself that he ran straight off home and went to bed with a headache. But Christopher Robin and Pooh went home to breakfast together.

"Oh, Bear!" said Christopher Robin. "How I do love you!"

"So do I," said Pooh.

(So ends another funny story about Winnie-the-Pooh and Piglet and Christopher Robin. You can be sure they will all be back again next week enjoying more happy adventures.)



"CHICKEN, CHICKEN, *leave it sticking!*"



1. Many many years ago, when the moon was a lot younger than it is today, there lived in an old city over the hills and far away (in fact, if you could only find it, it stands there still) a poor cobbler named Mickey.

He cobbled all day and he cobbled all night to try to make some sort of a living, but truth to tell, folks in those days didn't want to pay very much to have their shoes repaired.

Mickey lived all alone in his little shop, and often at night when he lay in bed, the rickety walls of his bedroom seemed to whisper; and what they seemed to whisper was always: "You can do better than this, Mickey! You can do better than this!"



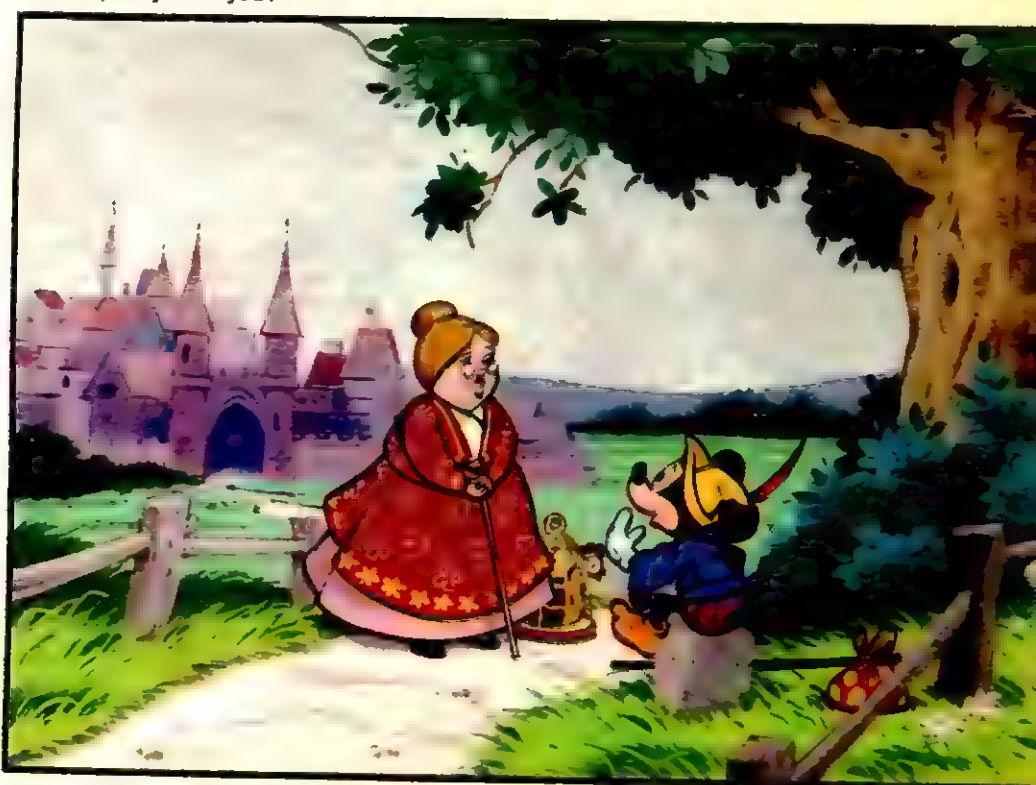
2. One morning, he was sitting in his little shop window as usual and he was hammering away at a worn-out boot (for it was a day just like all the other dreary days!) when an old woman happened to hobble past his shop. Mickey was thinking (Thump! Thump! Thump! went his hammer) how his creaking bedroom walls (Thump! Thump! Thump!) had whispered their message to him the night before: "You can do better than this, Mickey! You can do better than this!" And Mickey cried aloud: "Of course, (Thump! Thump! Thump!) I can do better than this!"

The old woman stopped as Mickey said this and spoke to him. "Well, then," she smiled, "why don't you?"



3. "Why don't I?" echoed Mickey. "How *can* I?" "Well, my dear," replied the old woman, smiling at Mickey, "is not the world wide? Why do you not go out and seek your fortune—for surely, if you stay here you will never be anything more than you are today—a poor cobbler!" Mickey threw down his hammer. "You are right!" said he and there and then he decided to follow the old woman's advice. So it was that next morning he left his shop, locked the front door, threw away the key and set off to seek his fortune.

He left the town behind him and for the first time felt sad at leaving his home where he had lived and worked for so many long years.



4. There was a tear in his eye as he sat down on a large stone at the side of the road and looked back once more at the old town. Then all at once, as if by magic, the same old woman appeared at his side. She was carrying a large cage in which perched a chicken. "You have done well, young fellow, to follow my advice," she said. "And what are your plans now?"

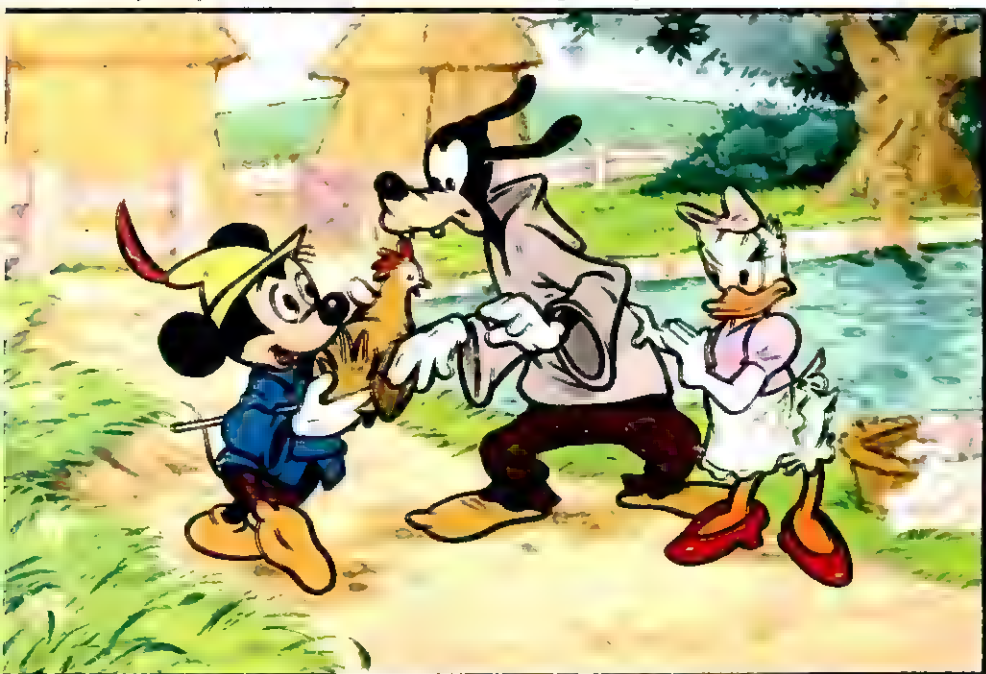
For the first time, Mickey began to wonder how he would go about seeking his fortune. But the old woman smiled: "Listen to me!" she said. "I shall tell you how to begin. I have taken a great liking to you and I am sure you will not forget me when you have made your fortune."



5. Then the old woman opened the cage she was carrying and handed the chicken to Mickey. "Now," said she, "you must take the high road to the big city which lies over there to the west. As you travel along, people will take a fancy to the beautiful feathers of this chicken. They will all want to pluck one and this you will allow them to try. But listen very carefully. When someone touches the chicken, it will cluck loudly. Then you will cry out 'Chicken, chicken, leave it sticking!' The person who has touched a feather will then stick fast and he will be unable to free himself from you or the chicken until you tap his hand with this," she said handing Mickey a stick.



6. "When you have caught a long train of people," went on the old woman "—for if anyone tries to free the last one caught, he or she will also be held fast—you will continue on your way to the city. In that city there dwells a princess who has never, never laughed. If you can make her laugh, your fortune is made. Then, my young friend, you must remember me and the help I have given you." Mickey promised her that he would never forget her and he went on his way. He hadn't gone far before he met a farm-boy carrying a hay-fork. "Ah, if only I could have one of these feathers," said the farm-boy.



7. He reached out a hand and touched the chicken, which uttered a loud "CLUCK!" "Chicken, chicken, leave it sticking!" shouted Mickey. At once the farm-boy's hand stuck fast to the chicken's tail. Try as he might he could not pull it free. "Help! Help!" shouted the farm-boy and a girl, who had been washing clothes in a nearby brook, was attracted by his shouts and came running. She took pity on the farm-boy and stretched out her hand to help pull him from the chicken's tail. No sooner had she touched his smock, however, than the chicken gave a loud "CLUCK!" and Mickey cried "Chicken, chicken, leave it sticking!" Now the girl was stuck to the farm-boy.



8. Mickey went on towards the west and the big city, with the farm-boy and the girl behind him. Soon they met up with a well-to-do farmer. "Hey, there! What are you doing with my farm-boy and servant-girl?" he asked.

"Help! Help!" shouted the farm-boy. "Yes! Help! Help!" cried the girl after him. At once, the farmer reached out a hand to try to free the girl but as soon as he touched her, the chicken clucked and Mickey shouted again "Chicken, chicken, leave it sticking!"

The farmer, too, was instantly bewitched and he could not release himself, either.

9. The farmer, his servant-girl and his farm-boy were all forced to follow Mickey. He led them to the next village and there, 'neath a spreading chestnut tree, the village smithy stood. Outside the smithy stood the smith. A mighty man was he with broad and sinewy hands. When he saw the little procession he burst into a hearty roar of laughter. At this the well-to-do farmer shouted: "Now, Gurth, you're a strong man. Come and free me or I'll not pay the bill I owe you." At once the smith stopped laughing and came over to try to pull the farmer free, but as soon as he touched the farmer's coat, the chicken went "CLUCK!" and Mickey shouted "Chicken, chicken, leave it sticking!"



10. The loud shouting attracted the attention of a window-cleaner. At the sight of the strange procession, his mouth dropped open wide. "Don't stand there gaping!" roared the blacksmith. "Come and release me or you'll never clean my window of mine!" The window-cleaner came running with his bucket of slopping water, but as soon as he touched the blacksmith's waistcoat the chicken squawked "CLUCK!" and Mickey shouted "Chicken, chicken, leave it sticking!" At once, the window-cleaner had to follow the others. Away from the village marched Mickey, and there in the distance he saw the towers of a great city.



11. Coming at last to the city, Mickey asked his way to the royal palace. Roaring with laughter, a passer-by told him the way and Mickey took his procession to the splendid castle where lived the King and the princess who had never laughed. How people laughed as Mickey led the way through the streets. The noise of their laughter brought the beautiful princess to a window and as soon as she saw Mickey and his followers, she, who had never laughed in her life before, suddenly smiled, then she laughed. Then she laughed and laughed and laughed until her sides ached.

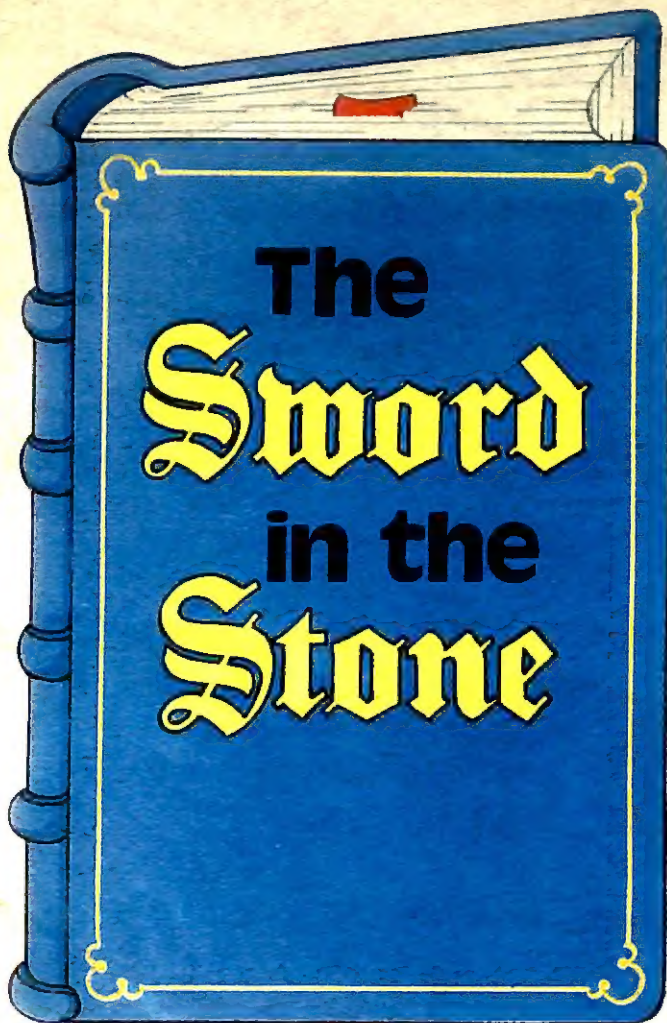
12. When the King heard that at last his daughter had laughed, he ran down to see Mickey and his followers with his own eyes. "Do you know what I have promised to give to the one who succeeded in making the princess laugh?" he asked. "No, sire," replied Mickey. "Then listen," said the King. "You shall receive a dukedom and a magnificent castle set amid rich lands. From now on you are the richest noble in my kingdom."

Mickey was over-joyed, and with the magic stick he tapped the farm-boy, the servant-girl, the farmer, the blacksmith and the window-cleaner, and they all made off as fast as they could run.



13. Then to Mickey's amazement, along came the old woman who had given him the chicken. Smilingly, she snapped her fingers and as she did so, the chicken leaped from Mickey's grasp back into the cage. Then Mickey told the King his story. "You must stay and take supper with me and my family," chuckled the King. "I would like you to repeat your story to the Queen and the Princess." And the King and Mickey and the old woman made their way to the palace dining-room. "I owe all my fortune to you," Mickey said to the old woman "and I promised to help you if I won fortune." That very day, Mickey put in charge of his castle and there she lived happily ever after.





Merlin the magician sat in a draughty tower of Sir Ector's castle, studying a book. He had moved into the castle from his own cosy little cottage in the countryside because he had decided to spend his time teaching Sir Ector's adopted son, Wart.

Merlin's pet owl, Archimedes, was perched on the window sill, thoroughly fed up. Archimedes wasn't at all happy about his new home.

Neither was Sir Ector, for that matter, but he had already had a taste of Merlin's powerful magic and he thought it wise to let the old magician stay in the castle if he wished. So that was that. Merlin stayed, and he did so because he believed that the skinny young lad whom everyone called Wart had a wonderful future ahead of him.

As the old magician turned a page of the big, heavy book he was reading, a sudden noise outside broke into his thoughts. A messenger had come riding into the castle courtyard.

Merlin asked Archimedes to go and find out what news the rider had brought, so the owl flew down into the great hall. He was just in time to hear the messenger tell Sir Ector that a grand jousting tournament was to be held in London Town on New Year's Day.

At first, Sir Ector didn't seem to be interested in what the messenger had to say—but then the messenger went on to tell him that the winner of the tournament would receive a marvellous prize. He would be crowned King of Britain!

Sir Ector's eyes lit up. He was too old to take part in a jousting contest himself, so he had no chance of ever becoming King. But he had high hopes for his elder son, Kay.

Kay was a big, strapping lad, but oh, so lazy. Still, at least he was Sir Ector's own flesh and blood, which meant that some day he would become a knight. And as Sir Ector knew, only knights were allowed to take part in jousting tournaments.

So as soon as the messenger had gone, Sir Ector told Kay the news.

"If you keep training hard, Kay my boy, you'll be knighted before Christmas!" beamed Sir Ector. "Then I'll send you off to London to take part in the tournament. And young Wart can go as your squire."

Archimedes flew back to Merlin and told him what he had overheard.

"So a tournament is to decide who shall be King of Britain, eh?" sighed the old wizard. "Humph! It seems the sword in the stone has been forgotten once and for all."

Many years before, you see, when good King Uther's reign had ended, there had been no heir to the throne. But in a certain churchyard in London Town there appeared, as if by magic, a huge stone. On top of the stone sat a mighty anvil, and thrust through the anvil into the stone was a sword with these words written on the handle:

Who pulleth out this sword of this stone and anvil is right-wise King born of Britain.

Of course, many strong men had tried to pull out the sword, but no one had succeeded. So after a time the sword in the stone was forgotten, and it became overgrown with weeds.

From then on, alas, the bad people often overcame the good people in the land, and there was very little law and order. That is why Merlin wanted to teach Wart all he could, for it was unlikely that the skinny lad would ever grow up to have muscle and great strength, so he would have to use his wits to fight his foes.

As the days passed, Sir Ector kept Kay hard at work, training for the tournament. The lazy youth did not take kindly to these lessons, and he bullied his younger brother even more than usual. He made Wart do all sorts of hard work, such as looking after his suit of armour and keeping his sword and lance polished as brightly as new pins.

One day, however, Kay couldn't be bothered training. Instead, he stretched out on the grass to sunbathe, leaving Wart free to take a walk outside the castle with Merlin.

"This gives me time to teach you another lesson, Wart," said the magician. "You can learn a lot from the creatures around you. For instance, have you ever thought what life must be like for a fish?"

"But what can I learn from a fish?" asked Wart, laughing.

"See for yourself!" said Merlin. Quick as a flash, the wonderful wizard waved his wand and uttered a string of magic words.

The next moment, there was a sparkling of tiny stars all round Wart, then he tumbled helplessly into the castle moat with a loud SPLASH!

A moment or two passed before the little lad realised that he had been turned into a fish—a rather small fish at that! And then he noticed that Merlin had turned into a trout, and was swimming alongside him.

Wart was so surprised that he began to roll helplessly around.

"You look and feel like a fish—for the time being anyhow," chuckled Merlin. "So now you must learn how to swim like a fish."

Wart did his best to obey, and he quickly found out how to use his fins and tail to make himself glide through the water.

"Hey, this is fun!" laughed Wart, darting away from Merlin's side and zig-zagging to and fro.

He had no sooner done so, however, when he suddenly wished that he hadn't! For he almost swam right into the gaping jaws of a very large and very hungry fish called a pike!



Merlin waved his wand and the next moment there was a sparkling of tiny stars all around Wart.

Many strong men had tried to pull out the sword but none had succeeded.



The pike's long thick snout became wedged inside the metal link and it could not pull itself free.



Little Wart neatly jammed a broken arrow between the pike's open jaws.

"Merlin!" cried Wart, staring in dismay at the huge fish's sharp teeth. "Help me! Use your magic!"

But Merlin had been left far behind, and when he heard Wart's distant cries for help, he could not think of anything else to say except: "You're on your own, my boy. You must help yourself!"

Wart gave a little gasp of dismay on hearing that reply. Nevertheless, he was quick-witted enough to dart away from the pike as soon as he knew that Merlin could not save him.

Alas, the pike followed Wart everywhere he swam, and though it *seemed* to be swimming quite slowly, it was catching up on Wart.

Poor little Wart swam and *swam* until he was almost ready to give up. Then he spotted a heavy chain in the water in front of him and he suddenly had a clever thought. He paused for a moment until the pike was just about to pounce on him then he darted right through one of the links in the chain.

Of course, the pike darted after him—and that is where it made a big mistake. For its long thick snout became wedged inside the iron link and it could not pull itself free! Wart had saved himself.

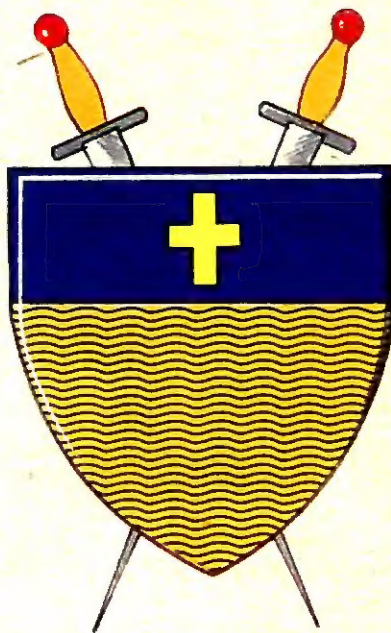
By this time, Merlin had changed himself back to normal and was standing on the bank of the moat, watching Wart's progress.

"Bravo, young 'un!" he cried. "You outsmarted that big bully all right!"

Feeling very pleased with himself, Wart swam slowly towards the bank. Neither he nor Merlin

had noticed that the pike had managed to struggle free.

Little Wart would have come to the end of his adventures there and then if he hadn't noticed an old shield and a rotting quiver of broken arrows lying on the bed of the moat.



Like lightning he swooped and snatching up one of the broken arrows, he jammed it neatly between the pike's open jaws.

Then before the furious pike could rid itself of the painful arrow, Wart leaped right out of the water, high into the air—and dropped neatly into the waiting hands of Merlin.

The magician picked up his wand and waved it once more. Amongst another sparkling of stardust, Wart became his own self again.

"Whew! Is my lesson over?" he gasped.

"Indeed it is," beamed Merlin, "and I must say you fared very well. But tell me, what did you learn from being a fish?"

Wart didn't have to think very hard to answer that.

"I learned that being big and strong isn't what matters most!" he replied.

"Just so, my boy," smiled Merlin. "Brain beats brawn, in other words. Remember that."

As they walked back over the drawbridge into the castle, Wart said to himself that he'd find it difficult to *forget* what he had learned that afternoon! And he wondered if *all* Merlin's lessons were going to be as exciting as that one.

Well, in weeks to come, you will find out as this thrilling story unfolds.

(Poor Wart is having a tough time, isn't he? There are more exciting adventures in store for him, and you will be able to read about them next week.)



Wart leaped right out of the water, high into the air and dropped neatly into the waiting hands of Merlin.

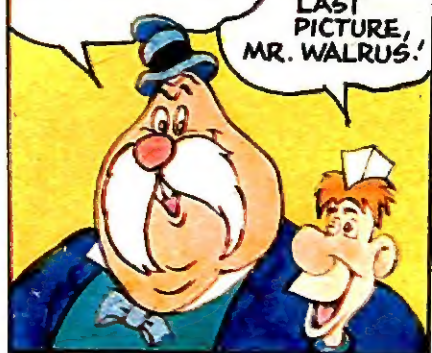


"What did you learn from being a fish?" asked Merlin and Wart replied that being big and strong isn't what matters most.

THE WALRUS AND THE CARPENTER

I'M JUST OFF TO HELP A LADY CROSS THE ROAD, MR. CARPENTER!

RIGHT! I'LL SEE YOU IN THE LAST PICTURE, MR. WALRUS!



ALLOW ME TO SEE YOU ACROSS THE ROAD, MADAM!



LET US HURRY ACROSS WHILE THE ROAD IS CLEAR!

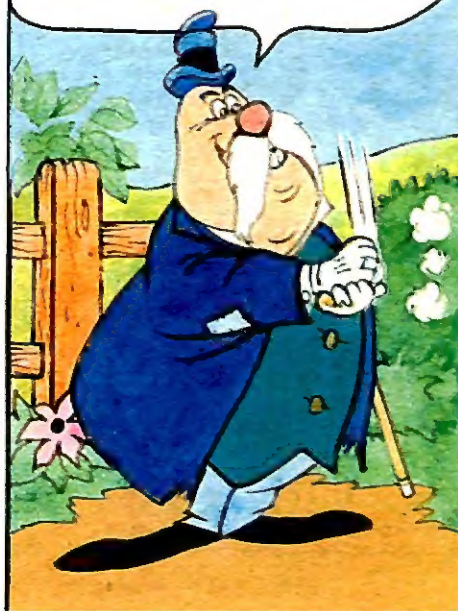
BUT-BUT-



I DIDN'T WANT TO CROSS THE ROAD, YOU SILLY OLD WALRUS! NOW YOU'VE MADE ME MISS MY BUS! TCHAH!



OH, DEAR! THAT WASN'T A VERY GOOD IDEA AT ALL! HALLO, WHAT HAVE WE HERE?



A LAME DOG WAITING TO BE HELPED OVER A STILE!



OVER THE STILE YOU GO, DOGGIE!



SQUAWK! AWK!



CHICKEN FARM KEEP OFF

FOR LETTING YOUR DOG STAMPEDE MY CHICKENS & CAUSING THEM DISTRESS £10

NEVER MIND, WALRUS, YOU MEANT WELL! HAVE A FISH!

